

By such a lowly Vassall as thy selfe.

Thy words moue Rage, and not remorse in me:

I go of Message from the Queene to France:

I charge thee wast me safely crosse the Channell.

*Lieu.* Water: W. Come Suffolke, I must wast thee to thy death.

*Suf.* *Pine gelidus timor occupat artus*, it is thee I feare.

*Wal.* Thou shalt haue cause to feare before I leaue thee.

What, are ye danted now? Now will ye stoope.

*1. Gent.* My gracious Lord intreat him, speak him fair.

*Suf.* Suffolkes Imperiall tongue is sterne and rough:

Vs'd to command, vntaught to pleade for fauour.

Farre be it, we should honor such as these

With humble suite: no, rather let my head

Stoope to the blocke, then these knees bow to any,

Saue to the God of heauen, and to my King:

And sooner dance vpon a bloody pole,

Then stand vncouer'd to the Vulgar Groome.

True Nobility, is exempt from feare:

More can I beare, then you dare execute.

*Lieu.* Hale him away, and let him talke no more:

Come Souldiers, shew what cruelty ye can.

*Suf.* That this my death may neuer be forget.

Great men oft dye by vilde Bezoniens.

A Romane Sworde, and Bandetto slaue

Murder'd sweet *Tully*. *Brutus* Bastard hand

Stab'd *Iulius Caesar*. Sauege Islanders

*Pompey* the Great, and *Suffolke* dyes by Pyrats.

*Exit Water with Suffolke.*

*Lieu.* And as for these whose ranfome we haue set,

It is our pleasure one of them depart:

Therefore come you with vs, and let him go.

*Exit Lieutenant, and the rest.*

*Manet the first Gent. Enter Walter with the body.*

*Wal.* There let his head, and liuelesse bodie lye,

Vntill the Queene his Mistis bury it. *Exit Walter.*

*1. Gent.* O barbarous and bloody spectacle,

His body will I beare vnto the King:

If he reuenge it not, yet will his Friends,

So will the Queene, that liuing, held him deere.

*Enter Benis, and Iohn Holland.*

*Benis.* Come and get thee a sword, though made of a Lath, they haue bene vp these two dayes.

*Hol.* They haue the more neede to sleepe now then.

*Benis.* I tell thee, *Iacke Cade* the Cloathier, meanes to dresse the Common-wealth and turne it, and set a new nap vpon it.

*Hol.* So he had need, for 'tis thred-bare. Well, I say, it was neuer merrie world in England, since Gentlemen came vp.

*Benis.* O miserable Age: Vertue is not regarded in Handy-crafts men.

*Hol.* The Nobilitie thinke scorne to goe in Leather Aprons.

*Benis.* Nay more, the Kings Councell are no good Workemen.

*Hol.* True: and yet it is said, Labour in thy Vocation: which is as much to say, as let the Magistrates be labouring men, and therefore should we be Magistrates.

*Benis.* Thou hast hit it: for there's no better signe of a braue minde, then a hard hand.

*Hol.* I see them, I see them: There's *Best* Sonne, the Tanner of Wingham.

*Benis.* Hee shall haue the skinnies of our enemies, to

make Dogges Leather of.

*Hol.* And Dicke the Butcher.

*Benis.* Then is hee stricke downe like an Oxe, and iniquities throte cut like a Calf.

*Hol.* And Smith the Weauer.

*Ben.* Argo, their thred of life is spun.

*Hol.* Come, come, let's fall in with them.

*Drumme.* Enter *Cade*, *Dicke Butcher*, *Smith the Weauer*, and a *Sawyer*, with infinite numbers.

*Cade.* Wee *Iohn Cade*, so team'd of our supposed Father.

*But.* Or rather of stealing a Cade of Herrings.

*Cade.* For our enemies shall faile before vs, inspired with the spirit of putting down Kings and Princes. Com-mand silence.

*But.* Silence.

*Cade.* My Father was a *Mortimer*.

*But.* He was an honest man, and a good Bricklayer.

*Cade.* My mother a *Plantagenet*.

*But.* I knew her well, she was a Midwife.

*Cade.* My wife descended of the *Lacies*.

*But.* She was indeed a Pedlers daughter, & sold many Laces.

*Weauer.* But now of late, not able to trauell with her furr'd Packe, she washes buckes here at home.

*Cade.* Therefore am I of an honorable house.

*But.* I by my faith, the field is honourable, and there was he borne, vnder a hedge: for his Father had neuer a house but the Cage.

*Cade.* Valiant I am.

*Weauer.* A must needs, for beggery is valiant.

*Cade.* I am able to endure much.

*But.* No question of that: for I haue seene him whipe three Market dayes together.

*Cade.* I feare neither sword, nor fire.

*Wea.* He neede not feare the sword, for his Coate is of proofe.

*But.* But me thinks he should stand in feare of fire, being burnt i'th hand for stealing of Sheepe.

*Cade.* Be braue then, for your Capitaine is Braue, and Vowes Reformation. There shall be in England, seven halfe peny Loanes sold for a peny: the three hoop'd pot, shall haue ten hoopes, and I will make it Fellony to drink small Beere. All the Realme shall be in Common, and in Cheapside shall my Palfrey go to grasse: and when I am King, as King I will be.

*All.* God saue your Maiesty.

*Cade.* I thanke you good people. There shall be no mony, all shall eate and drinke on my score, and I will apparrell them all in one Liurey, that they may agree like Brothers, and worship me their Lord.

*But.* The first thing we do, let's kill all the Lawyers.

*Cade.* Nay, that I meane to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent Lambe should be made Parchment; that Parchment being scribeld ore, should vndoe a man. Some say the Bee stings, but I say, 'tis the Bees waxe: for I did but seale once to a thing, and I was neuer mine owne man since. How now? Who's there?

*Enter a Clarke.*

*Weauer.* The Clarke of Chartam: hee can write and reade, and cast accompt.

*Cade.* O monstrous.

*Wea.* We tooke him setting of boyes Copies.

*Cade.*

*Cade.* Here's a Villaine.

*Wea.* He's a Booke in his pocket with red Letters in't

*Cade.* Nay then he is a Coniurer.

*But.* Nay, he can make Obligations, and write Court

hand.

*Cade.* I am sorry for't: The man is a proper man of mine Honour: vnlesse I finde him guilty, he shall not die.

Come hither firrah, I must examine thee: What is thy name?

*Clarke.* *Emanuel.*

*But.* They vse to write it on the top of Letters: 'T will go hard with you.

*Cade.* Let me alone: Dost thou vse to write thy name?

Or hast thou a marke to thy selfe, like a honest plain dealing man?

*Clarke.* Sir I thanke God, I haue bin so well brought vp, that I can write my name.

*All.* He hath confest: away with him: he's a Villaine

and a Traitor.

*Cade.* Away with him I say: Hang him with his Pen

and Inke-horne about his necke.

*Exit one with the Clarke*

*Enter Michael.*

*Mich.* Where's our Generall?

*Cade.* Heere I am thou particular fellow.

*Mich.* Fly, fly, fly, Sir *Humfrey Stafford* and his brother

are hard by, with the Kings Forces.

*Cade.* Stand villaine, stand, or Ile fell thee downe: he

shall be encountred with a man as good as himselfe. He

is but a Knight, is a?

*Mich.* No.

*Cade.* To equall him I will make my selfe a knight presently; Rife vp Sir *Iohn Mortimer*. Now haue at him.

*Enter Sir Humfrey Stafford, and his Brother,*

*with Drum and Soldiers.*

*Staff.* Rebellious Hinds, the filth and scum of Kent, Mark'd for the Gallows: Lay your Weapons downe,

Home to your Cottages: forsake this Groome.

The King is mercifull, if you reuolt.

*Bro.* But angry, wrathfull, and inclin'd to blood,

If you go forward: therefore yeeld, or dye.

*Cade.* As for these filken-coated slaues I passe not,

It is to you good people, that I speake,

Ouer whom (in time to come) I hope to raigne:

For I am rightfull heyre vnto the Crowne.

*Staff.* Villaine, thy Father was a Playsterer,

And thou thy selfe a Sheareman, art thou not?

*Cade.* And *Adam* was a Gardiner.

*Bro.* And what of that?

*Cade.* Marry, this *Edmund Mortimer* Earle of March,

married the Duke of *Clarence* daughter, did he not?

*Staff.* I fir.

*Cade.* By her he had two children at one birth.

*Bro.* That's false.

*Cade.* I, there's the question; But I say, 'tis true:

The elder of them being put to nurse,

Was by a begger-woman stolne away,

And ignorant of his birth and parentage,

Became a Bricklayer, when he came to age.

His sonne am I, deny it if you can.

*But.* Nay, 'tis too true, therefore he shall be King.

*Wea.* Sir, he made a Chimney in my Fathers house, &

the bricke are aliue at this day to testifie it: therefore

deny it not.

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